LATEST NEWS
BY TELEGRAPH

Domestic

[illegible]

ALL EUROPE'S EYES ON THE NAVAL MOVE

Comment on Significance of the Cruise.

A SHOW OF AMERICA'S POWER

Germans and Russians Contrast Cruise of the American Ships to That of the Russian Fleet Around the Sea of Japan. Far-reaching Effect of Shifting the American Naval Strength.

[illegible]

SEEK STATE AID.

Physicians Want Uniform Medical Laws In All Sections.

Chicago (Special).—Physicians attending the legislative conference of the American Medical Association have indorsed a plan brought by Dr. Charles A. L. Reed, of Cincinnati, for the assembling of a national council to secure the passage in all states of uniform laws regulating the practice of medicine [illegible]

ARE CAUGHT BY THE READY CASH

Denver Gets Democratic National Convention.

PUBLICITY OF THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

Some of the Delegates Objected to Accepting More Than Was Needed for the Convention—Louisville the Only Other City That Showed Any Support—July 7th Fixed as the Date.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

[illegible]

Washington, D. C. (Special).—The Democratic National Committee [illegible]

SKULL CRUSHED IN BY BLOWS FROM HAMMER

Undertaker Found Dead in An Orange Hotel.

KILLED AFTER BEING ROBBED.

Murderer Took a Diamond Ring, a Gold Watch and Chain and $150 in Money, After Which He Took the Precaution to Wash His Hands and Clothing.

Orange, N. J. (Special).—Frederick R. Romer, an undertaker, was found dead in his bed in the Park Hotel here. His skull was crushed in with blows from a hammer and his face terribly bruised. Romer had been robbed of a diamond ring, a gold watch and chain and about $150 in money.

[illegible]

GIVE TWO MILLIONS MORE.

Grand Total of Mr. Carnegie's Benefactions Now [illegible]

Washington, D. C. (Special).—[illegible]

KINDNESS REWARDED.

Miss Annie Burkhart Sole Heir To A $75,000 Estate.

Pensacola, Fla. (Special).—Miss Annie Burkhart, 20 years old, thought she was entertaining a pauper in Thomas Caldwell, an aged recluse, who came here from Chicago two years ago with a stock of groceries in a trunk and who eked out a miserable existence by peddling fish and food.

Miss Burkhart ministered to the man when he was ill and he often said she had saved his life. The girl Thursday received information that she had been made the sole heir to the estate of Caldwell, valued at $75,000. His four sons have been cut off with $1 each.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IS NOT A CANDIDATE

He Says He Will Not Change His Decision.

THE FIELD IS OPEN TO OTHERS.

The President Recalls the Announcement He Made on the Night After His Election, to the Effect That He Would Not Be a Candidate for or Accept Another Nomination.

Washington, D. C. (Special).—President Roosevelt will not be a candidate for a third term. All doubt on this point was dispelled by the authoritative statement at the White House that Mr. Roosevelt still adheres to the declaration of renunciation made on the night of the election three years ago. [illegible]

WASHINGTON

[illegible]

GEN. FUNSTON AT GOLDFIELD, NEVADA

Will Declare Martial Law If Any Outbreak.

CONFERS WITH GOVERNOR SPARKS.

The Governor Assures the General That the Presence of the Troops Has Prevented Serious Trouble, and He Considers It Necessary That They Be Kept There Until All Trouble Is Over.

Goldfield, Nev. (Special)—Crowds gathered at the station to witness the arrival here of General Funston and Major George Thethel and Lieut. Hornsley Evans, the officers who accompanied him from San Francisco.

Governor Sparks told General Funston that, in his opinion, the presence of troops here had prevented serious trouble thus far and that he considered it imperatively necessary that the troops be kept here. He advised that there be no declaration of martial law at this time, but asserted the belief that such action may become necessary at any time.

General Funston stated to the Governor that he would remain here until the labor situation had cleared up and there was no longer danger of trouble. The General says he is determined to take control of the camp under martial law upon the first outbreak of serious violence.

Deputy sheriffs, constables and detectives employed by the Mineowners' Association are patrolling the mines and preventing union pickets or others from approaching nearer than the side lines. The regulars are taking no part in guarding the mines.

Officers of the Miners' Union Association assert that not more than 20 men are at work on Combination Hill and that most of these are union men who have been sent to procure work under the agreement required by the Mineowners' Association in order that the arrest of George Wingfield and the officers of the association may be effected under the provisions of a statute placed on the statute books of Nevada on March 17, 1903, which provides that it shall be unlawful for any person, firm or corporation to make an agreement with any person for employment which requires that the person employed shall sign an agreement to withdraw from any labor organization which he may have joined.

W. H. Bryant, attorney for the Mine Owners' Association, states that he is aware of the intention of the union men to attempt the arrest of mine owners and officials of the association for violation of the state law prohibiting an agreement requiring the joining of or withdrawal from a labor organization, but says that he is prepared to prove the law unconstitutional and that it has been tested and declared void in the cases of members of the Industrial Workers of the World.

BANK CASHIER A SUICIDE.

No Known Reason For The Act Of R. F. Raston.

Kankakee, Ill. (Special).—R. F. Raston, cashier of the State Bank [illegible]

[illegible]

News of Virginia

W. C. ABBOTT A SUICIDE.

Danville (Special).—William Abbott, one of the managers for the Continental Tobacco C pany, left his bed, where he had confined with sickness for two we and after fully dressing walked the stables and hanged himself. lived in the suburbs, and for seve years past had been in failing hea which, combined with financial tr bles, caused him to take his own l

He had been very despondent recently, and his wife, fearing t he would do something rash, h concealed his pistol. He told wife that he was going out to some fresh air. She became alarm when he did not return, and his bo was found by his brother, James A bott, swinging from the loft of t stables. He had been dead seve hours.

Mr. Abbott was 28 years old a a highly respected citizen, havi lived here his entire life. He leav a young widow and three small ch dren, a brother and a sister. was a son of the late T. W. Abbo who for years was connected w the American Tobacco Company.

TWO BROKERS INDICTED.

Norfolk (Special).—A spec grand jury presented three indi ments for grand larceny joint against P. A. and A. M. Agelas prominent cotton brokers of Norfol The first count involves the obta ing of $5,000 from the Norfolk N tional Bank last July, the second $ 000 from the Citizens' Bank in Jun and the third for obtaining receip for 200 bales of cotton, valued $11,000, from the Norfolk Warehou Association.

The Agelastos are alleged to ha obtained sums of money from bank totaling between $200,000 and $300 000 on fraudulent warehouse r ceipts. The banks have been rei bursed from the estate of Mrs. Poly the Agelasto.

MR. NICHOLAS DUNN IS DEAD

Winchester (Special).—A telegra received here announces the sudde death in New York City of Mr. Nich las Dunn, of Millwood, Clark County. Mr. Dunn was 41 years o and a native of Rye, N. Y. H death, coming in less than a we after the announcement of his a proaching marriage to Mrs. Doroth Henderson, of Millwood, which w to have taken place December 2 was a great shock to his friend Mr. Dunn was a prominent horsema and his bride-to-be, Mrs. Henderso is one of the leading lady riders Virginia.

PETERSBURG STORE BURNS.

Petersburg (Special).—Fire bro out in the large store of the Willia Budd Furniture Company (Incorpo ated), in Sycamore Street. It or inated in the cellar, and so quick was the store filled with smoke th the employes had to make their e cape through the back doors. T origin of the fire is unknown. T building, which was a three-sto brick structure, was entirely destro ed, only the walls being left sta ing. It was valued at $20,000, was owned by Miss Maud Taylor, Petersburg. The Budd Furnit Company lost their entire stock, ued at $30,000; insurance, $22,50

DIDN'T HAVE THE CURRENCY.

Bristol (Special).—The Interst Finance and Trust Company, [illegible]

TAKES SECRET TO GRAVE.

Bristol (Special).—[illegible]

[illegible]

MERRY CHRISTMAS

THE CHRISTMAS OF A CHERUB
A CHRISTMAS STORY BY ELIZABETH BONNEY BARRY

She was the kind of a child that people called "just the sweetest thing," and no one doubted that she would grow up to be a beautiful woman. Silky, golden ringlets covered her head, and large eyes which seemed sometimes gray and wistful, but oftenest just the tint of the violets, lighted up a round, chubby little face. The scarlet lips were usually parted in a friendly smile, disclosing a row of snow-white, baby teeth, and the nose confessed to the slightest tilt. Mary Elizabeth, she had been christened, but when only a few months old she had been pronounced by her proud nurse "simply angelic—just the image of a wee little cherub," and since then all thought of the real name seemed to have been forgotten: henceforth this fat, rosy little piece of humanity was known as "Cherub," and only as "Cherub."

Everyone loved her, for she had an amiable disposition, and when she laughed and each cheek dimpled prettily, she was irresistible. But woe to the person who incurred her displeasure. A frown from her meant trouble, and during the five years of her life her parents had grown to know that when that little face puckered a storm was brewing, and that it would be well to take Miss Cherub in hand at once.

This young lady was bubbling over with mischief, and generally when they found her sitting alone with that faraway, saintly expression, they knew that way down beneath those curls a plan of action was being formed which would surely get some one into trouble—undoubtedly Bobby. Her chief delight was found in making this small brother her accomplice, leading him on to carry out her campaigns and having him receive the punishment. When she was confronted with the charge, "Cherub, you started that!" she would raise those wide, innocent eyes, look straight at her accuser and say with the slightest droop to the corners of her mouth: "Bobby did it." At present, however, she was being "awful good," for tomorrow would be Christmas and she had placed many letters up the chimney of the fine, big Fifth avenue residence, asking Santa Clause for all sorts of nice presents, which she was sure not to get unless she was an obedient little girl.

Christmas morning, before any one in the house but the servants was awake, the two children were excitedly whispering together about what jolly old Saint Nicholas had left for each, for sleep was far distant, and nurse's scolding and attempt at persuasion was of no avail.

Near breakfast time Aunt Glady's Dupont, their mother's pretty young sister, just two years out of boarding school, who had lately arrived to spend the holidays with the family, came to the nursery and with a hearty "Merry Christmas!" kissed each of the children, and told them that they could get dressed and come to the dining room.

Immediately on finishing breakfast Mr. Baldwin would unlock the library door, where each year the tree and stockings awaited them; of course, the children would eat nothing. At last every one was ready and stationed just outside that enchanted room. Impatiently jumping up and down, hardly daring to breathe, the little one urged father to hurry. When they burst into the brightly lighted room it was good to see their faces. Their shouts and screams of delight and loud "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" could be heard all over the house, as each discovered his many gifts under the brightly decorated tree.

When, an hour after, Cherub and Bobby were "dragged off to church," as they were pleased to express it, they left their hearts as well as dolls and woolly dogs in the library at home. Naturally they squirmed and twisted through the whole service, and occasionally whispered to each other in eager tones.

That afternoon they were allowed to invite four of their little friends to a small party. They were all playing under the tree with the Christmas things, and as Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin had gone to walk Gladys proposed having a game of "I spy" with the youngsters. As she announced this Cherub, who was always the leader, yelled, "Hurrah for Aunt Gladys. Now she can be it!" and then whispered, just as audibly, "No, Bob, I choose to get under the sofa; stop pushing me!"—as they were hiding.

"Coming, ready or not!" called Gladys, as she started off on a hunt that proved fruitless. As she ran into the hall to continue the search she came face to face with the man to whom she had but recently been engaged. It was the first time she had seen him since the night, three weeks before, when she had returned his ring and refused to listen to the explanation which would have cleared the misunderstanding, and although since then she had been miserable and had admitted to herself that she was in the wrong, she was determined that he should never know it. There was the old Dupont pride again!

For one moment they looked into each other's eyes, and then with a cold nod she turned away and busied herself with the game, which for the time being she had forgotten. Very little interest she felt, however, in anything but the man who had so unexpectedly appeared on the scene, and who at that very moment, before her astonished eyes, was coolly lounging in a Morris chair, glancing carelessly over a magazine.

When the first surprise was over she became embarrassed. As though reading her thoughts Jack Burrows spoke. "When will Fred and Fan be in? You see, I wrote Fred at least two weeks ago that I would come to spend Christmas day if possible, and having never heard anything more from me I suppose he entirely forgot it. How long have you been here?

Cherub, hearing a familiar voice, ran from her hiding place, and was soon comfortably settled on Jack's knee, while the other children, who had followed her, jumped around and shrieked, no one knew just what for. Jack was a great favorite at the house, and the broken engagement with Gladys had been a source of disappointment to all, especially to Mr. Baldwin, with whom Jack had been intimate ever since the days of Yale together.

Gladys fled furiously to her room, where all the rest of the afternoon she nursed her woes. Just before dinner time Mrs. Baldwin came to comfort her, and tell her how Fred had never even mentioned Jack's talked-of visit, and how the meeting at the house was a big mistake, which all wished had been avoided. But the injured one would hear nothing of it.

"It was very unkind of you and Fred to bring us here together when you know how I hate him. I do hate him," she sobbed, with a little stamp, "and I refuse to have anything to do with him whatsoever. I know that he was in the plan, too, and you all think you can make everything all right again, but you can't, you can't. I shall stay in my room this evening after dinner, so don't try to persuade me to entertain him. Take him out with you; I shan't go."

By 10 o'clock Gladys, worn out with her own thoughts and tired of her room, decided to go down into the library and enjoy the fire. Why should she punish herself in this way, cooping herself up in that gloomy old room, and what harm would it do to be simply friends with Jack, were the questions she had been turning over in her mind.

At last down she came, much to the bewilderment and secret pleasure of the gentleman musing before the fire, and cosily settled herself in a huge chair beside him. Neither spoke, for neither knew just how to open the conversation.

The silence was becoming unbearable when a tiny noise heard in the hall caused them to glance toward the door. There on the stairs with her night dress clutched a bit up on one side, displaying her little bare feet, and with her eyes wide open as though sleep had never visited them, stood Cherub.

As she caught sight of her friends her face broke into the most mischievous of smiles, for did she not know that the place for her at that hour was up stairs in bed? Gladys, who welcomed any interruption to the suspense, ran, caught up the child, and cuddled her warmly in her lap.

Where's mother and father? Can I get some candy out of my stocking over on that chair? When is you going to bed?" came the questions pell-mell, never waiting to be answered. To Jack's inquiry as to how she happened to come down stairs in the night in that fashion, she replied that she had waked up and couldn't get to sleep again.

"I thought it would be nice to come down here with the Christmas tree and pretty lights and play dolly. More fun than lying in bed, 'cause I got so hot," was the explanation which she seemed to think justified her advent. At this the young couple laughed heartily.

"Is Mr. Jack your beau, aunty, and do you love him this much?" was her next query, at the same time stretching out her arms as far as her chubby shortness permitted. "You love aunty, don't you, Mr. Jack? I love you both, and I love Santa Claus, too, and mother and father—and Bobby," doubtfully, "when he's real good."

By this time Glady's face was crimson, and angry tears rose in her eyes. The idea of being made a laughing stock, even by a child! Then as the little arms stole around her neck all the bitterness melted away and only love and longing filled her heart. "Aunty, when is you and Mr. Jack going to get married? I'm going to be flower girl and have a white dress and pink roses. Mother said 'very soon,' when I asked her a long time ago," rattled on the unsuspecting youngster.

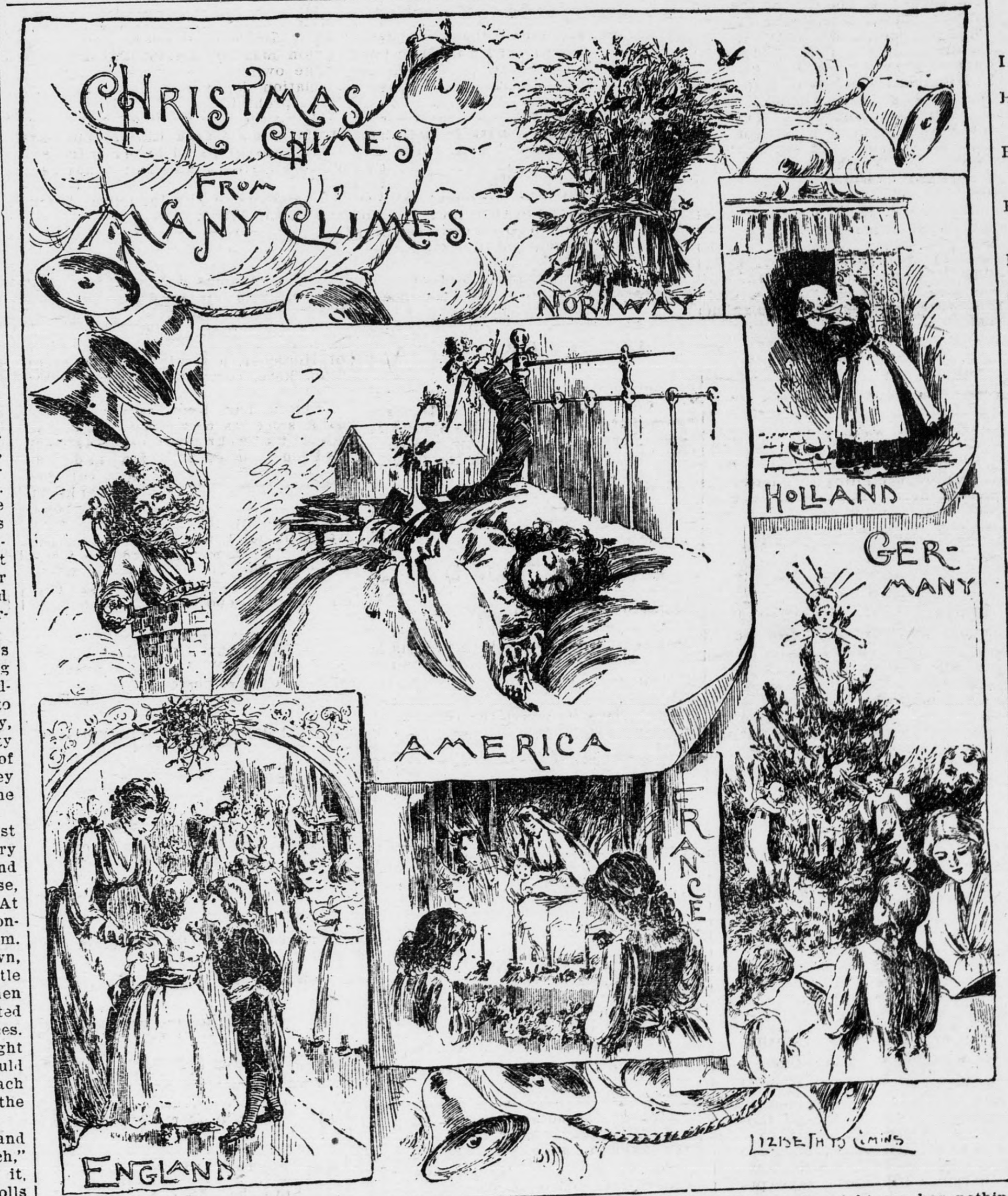
It was then that Gladys threw pride to the winds, for from the midst of Cherub's tangled curls came a muffled, but very tender, "Yes, Cherub, very soon," which just reached Jack's ears. He started joyously from his chair.

"Oh! Cherub, it's so late you must go back to bed. What will mother say?" And Gladys picked up the little fairy and carried her to the stairs, where she kissed her many times.

Then with happy, sparkling eyes, and a little bright spot on each cheek, she went back into the library and stood beside Jack. Together they watched the child climb the steps.

"Good night, little Cherub," they called after her as Jack took both the girl's hands in his, and—

By this time Cherub had disappeared, and was crawling happily back into bed.—The Pathfinder.



Christmas Anxieties.

Dolly—"Doesn't it worry you awfully to think what to buy for Tom?"

Polly—"Of course but it worries me more to think about what Tom is liable to buy for me."

On an average man's body there are 340,000 hairs.

Cook's Hard Job.

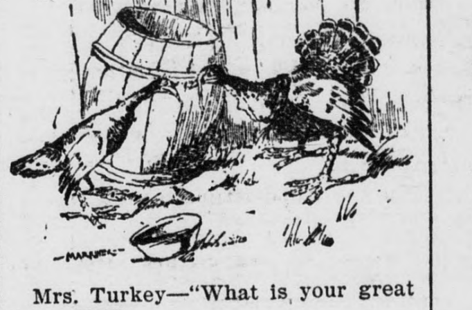
A well known clubman of Boston was married during the early days of the last winter to a charming Wellesley girl, who of her many accomplishments is proudest of her cooking.

The husband returned late one afternoon to his home in Brookline to discover that his wife was "all tired out."

"You look dreadfully fatigued, little one," came from hubby in a sympathetic tone.

"I am," was the reply. "You see, dear, I heard you say that you liked rabbit. So early this morning I went to the market to get you one. I meant to surprise you with a broiled rabbit for dinner: but I'm afraid you'll have to take something else. I've been hard at work on the rabbit all day, and I haven't got it more than half picked.—Leslie's Weekly.

Day Before Christmas.



Mrs. Turkey—"What is your great est wish?"

Mr. Turkey—"An air-ship."

Telephone Girl's Left Ear.

"Lefteared?" said the physician. "Most of you girls are."

"Lefteared?" said the young lady from the telephone exchange.

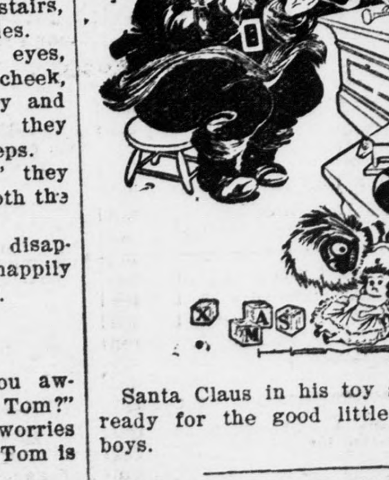
"Yes, lefteared. The same as left-handed. That is to say, is your left ear better at its work than your right one?"

She did not know, so he tested her, finding, sure enough, that her left ear was a little the acuter of the two.

"It is a natural thing," he said. "You girls use the left ear exclusively all day long in your telephone work, and the right ear has nothing to do. Hence the left, like a muscle, develops; the right atrophies.

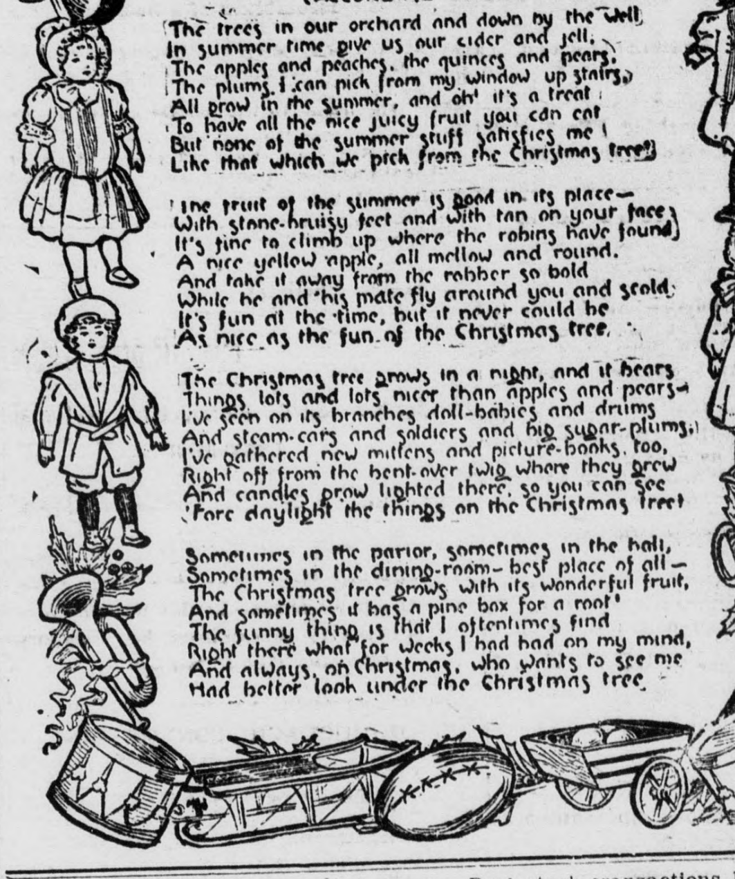
"Indeed," he ended, "if the telephone comes into much greater use, we shall have not merely lefteared exchange girls, but we shall become a lefteared nation."—The Philadelphia Bulletin.

Whence Come the Christmas Gifts?



Santa Claus in his toy shop is all ready for the good little girls and boys.

Eight-car trains are to be run on the Boston elevated line in the endeavor to cope with the traffic offered.



THE CHRISTMAS TREE
(ACCORDING TO TOMMY)

The trees in our orchard and down by the well
In summer time give us our cider and jell,
The apples and peaches, the quinces and pears,
The plums I can pick from my window up stairs,
All grow in the summer, and oh! it's a treat
To have all the nice juicy fruit you can eat
But none of the summer stuff satisfies me
Like that which we pick from the Christmas tree!

The fruit of the summer is good in its place—
With stone-bruisy feet and with tan on your face,
It's fine to climb up where the robins have found
A nice yellow apple, all mellow and round,
And take it away from the robber so bold
While he and his mate fly around you and scold;
It's fun at the time, but it never could be
As nice as the fun of the Christmas tree.

The Christmas tree grows in a night, and it bears
Things lots and lots nicer than apples and pears—
I've seen on its branches doll-babies and drums
And steam-cars and soldiers and big sugar-plums;
I've gathered new mittens and picture-books, too,
Right off from the bent-over twig where they grew
And candles grow lighted there, so you can see
'Fore daylight the things on the Christmas tree!

Sometimes in the parlor, sometimes in the hall,
Sometimes in the dining-room—best place of all—
The Christmas tree grows with its wonderful fruit,
And sometimes it has a pine box for a root!
The funny thing is that I oftentimes find
Right there what for weeks I had had on my mind,
And always, on Christmas, who wants to see me
Had better look under the Christmas tree.

Two Stockings.

In her little stocking
  Betty Baby found,
First, a tiny golden ring
  Set with rubies round,
Then a lovely dolly,
  Beautiful to see,
Bonbons, cakes and sugar toys,
  Happy Baby she!

In her little stocking
  Polly Baby found,
First, a stick of candy,
  Then an apple round,
Then a pair of mittens,
  Fitting perfectly;
That was all, but none the less,
  Happy Baby she!
—Youth's Companion

KEEPING THE SECRET.

I have a secret with Santa Claus,
  And he will never tell;
He knows so many secrets because
  He keeps them all so well.

But, O dear mother, if you could guess,
  How very surprised you'd be;
But nobody knows the leastest thing,
  But Santa Claus and me.

I wish I could tell you, mother dear,
  I'm sure you would love to know;
Can you wait till Christmas, do you think?
  The days are so very slow!

It's something you need for your dressing-case,
  I made it,—it's all from me;
It's square and pink and covered with lace,
  And it's name begins with C!

You mustn't know until Christmas Day,
  Oh, my, aren't secrets fun?
And I can keep them, can't I mamma?
  I never would whisper one!

The Poor Boy's Christmas.

Observe, my child, this pretty scene,
And note the air of pleasure keen
With which the widow's orphan boy
Toots his tin horn, his only toy.
What need of costly gifts has he?
The widow has nowhere to flee,
And ample noise his horn emits
To drive the widow into fits.

MORAL

The philosophic mind can see
The uses of adversity.

The Stock Exchange.

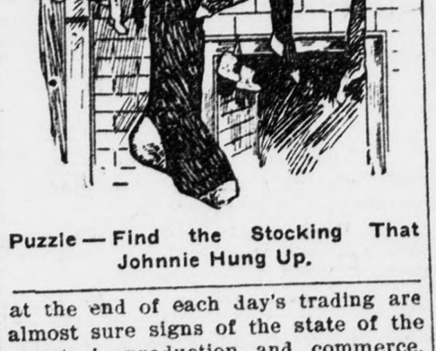
Many persons think of the New York Stock Exchange as a seat of commercial iniquity, and have been encouraged in this view by magazine articles picturesque and expert in phrasing, but not so accurate as they ought to be.

When something unusual, like the recent decline of stocks, calls attention to "the market," we realize how little thought most of us give to it original copy, and in one of his poems, which contained in the original day by day. It seems remote from the interests of the man of small means. But the central stock-market is a solid and important institution, and the conditions which it indicates at the end of each day's trading are almost sure signs of the state of the country's production and commerce.

It is true that a great many of the transactions on the stock exchange are mere gambling, and represent nothing more than the turning of money from one man's pocket into another's; it is also true that even in legitimate trading there is a fever and hysteria which perverts not only commercial values, but life values.

Nevertheless, most of the chicanery and madness of stock transactions flourishes not in the central market, nor in the offices of those who guide it, but in the suburbs of the business, in offices not related to the exchange or to any reputable banking-house.

Real stock transactions bear a definite relation to the business of the country, and after due allowance is made for the artificial manipulations, so difficult to practice on the market as a whole, we find the exchange a sound register of the state of the country. The same things that all human beings fear, crop failure, war, strikes, depress the market. That is why men were afraid, when the market "broke;" not so much because they cared for the stocks, as that they feared the signs of the end of prosperity. Fortunately the market recovered, and there was no panic. But for a few days all intelligent persons watched the market with respect and attention.—Youth's Companion.



Puzzle — Find the Stocking That Johnnie Hung Up.

Celery and Hazel-Nuts.

Cut in round, thin slices one pound of large hazel-nuts; cut in the same way four very crisp celery hearts. Mix with one salt-spoonful of table salt; dress them with a few white leaves of celery around; and serve all the hors-d'oeuvre on a silver platter.—Harper's Bazar.

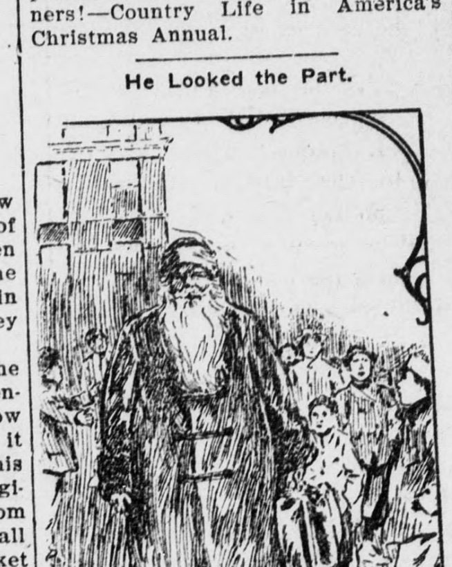
Stuffed Shrimps.

Peel off the shells of one pint of large shrimps, put them in a bowl of ice-water for thirty minutes, wipe them dry with a clean napkin, and split them in two lengthwise without separating them. Put in the centre of each one-half teaspoonful of anchovy butter, close them gently, and arrange them in a small glass dish with a few parsley leaves.

Christmas Pies.

Mince pie has an especial claim to a place at the Christmas dinner. Our forefathers called it Christmas pie. The name was changed by the Puritans and Quakers, whose mouths had to water for it in vain so long as it was called "Christmas." It is interesting to know, by the way, that mince pie developed from a thick stew made of mutton and raisins. In small households, Christmas pie sometimes takes the place of pudding, sometimes resigns entirely in its favor; but, in large ones, one may be as lavish as one can afford, for it is a marvel what unblushed-for appetites people bring to Christmas dinners!—Country Life in America's Christmas Annual.

He Looked the Part.



Mr. Jones, on coming to town the day before Christmas, finds himself mistaken for a very celebrated personage.

Out of the Hurly-Burly.

Jane—"I never had such a miserable Christmas month in all my life."

Martha—"What's the matter?"

Jane—"Why, I got a silly fit, and did all my Christmas shopping two months ago."

The machine which cuts up wood to make matches turns out 40,000 "splints," as they are called, in a single minute.

Centipedes are eaten in some parts of South America.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

CLARENCE J. CAMPBELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Amherst, Va.

Practice in the Courts of Amherst and Nelson.

SAMM PATTESON, C. HOBHOUSE PATTESON
Repton, Va. Buckingham C. H. Va.

PATTESON & PATTESON
Attorneys-at-Law,
Buckingham, Va.

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A. H. CLEMENT,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public,
West Appomattox, Va.

Practice in the Courts of Appomattox, Buckingham, Campbell and Amherst.

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Land Surveyor,
Hixburg, Va.

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R. C. MANN,
Constable, Appomattox Co.
WEST APPOMATTOX, VA.

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J. L. CHERNAULT,
AUCTIONEER
OFFICE AT J. R. ATWOOD'S STORE,
WEST APPOMATTOX, VA.

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LODGE DIRECTORY.

STATED COMMUNICATIONS of Buckingham Lodge, No. 242, A. F. & A. M., are held in their hall at Buckingham Courthouse, Va., TUESDAY on or before the full moon in each month, at 7 o'clock P. M. All Master Masons are fraternally invited.

E. D. GREGORY, W. M.
J. LEE COLEMAN, Secretary.

HUNT,
Successor to Brown.
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